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*The Toggery*  
OF COURSE  
J. S. GARNER, Manager

"The Little Store With a Big Conscience"

## LIBRARY BULLETIN.

Library hours, 2 to 6, and 7 to 9.  
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New Fiction Received at the Carnegie  
Library.

Allen—A Cathedral Singer.  
Atherton—Mrs. Balfane.  
Bennett—Hilda Lowways.  
Bennett—Clayhanger.  
Beach—Heart of the Sunset.  
Beach—Crimson Gardenia.  
Brehner—Master Detective.  
Bates—Geranium Lady.  
Bennett—Gates of Wrath.  
Canfield—Bent Twig.  
Farnot—Belts, the Smith.  
Glasgow—Life and Gabriella.  
Houston—Prudence of the Pardon

age.  
Johnston—Fortunes of Garin.  
Kipling—Kim.  
London—Little Lady of the Big

House.  
McFarlane—Held to Answer.  
Porter—Just David.  
Poole—The Harbor.  
Stanley—Dr. Llewellyn and His

Friends.  
Stanley—The Master of the Oaks.  
Sand—Conuelo.  
Sinclair—The Belfry.  
Sawyer—Seven Miles to Arden.

Tarkington—Seventeen.  
Wodehouse—Uneasy Money.  
White—The Gray dawn.

Juvenile.  
Bennett—Barnaby Lee.  
Martin—Her Husband's Purse.  
McCart—The Corner Stone.

Bennett—Master Skylark.  
Burrill—Master Skylark, dramatized.  
Burnett—Sara Crewe and Little

Saint Elizabeth.  
Bigham—Fanciful Flower Tales.  
Banta & Benson—Brownies and

Babbitt—Jataka Tales.  
Goblins.  
Billingshurst—A Hundred Fables of

a Fontaine.  
Coryell—Diego Pinzon.  
Coolidge—Mischief's Thanksgiving.

Craig—Bow-Wow and Mew-wew.  
Dix—A 142a Captive Lad.  
Dix—Soldier Rigdale.

Dalrymple—Little Me Too.  
Eastman—Smoky Days and Wigwag

Evenings.  
Ewing—Lob-Lie-by-the-Fire.  
Faulkner—Old Russian Tales.

Gladden—Santa Claus on a Lark.  
Grinnell—Jack in the Rockies.  
Grinnell—Jack the Young Ranch-

man.  
Hale—Peterkin Papers.  
Howells—Christmas Every Day.

Jacobs—Blue Bonnet Keeps House.  
Noyes—Leads of Misrule.  
Pyrrhelle—Diddle Dumps and Tot.

Ruxton—In the Old West.  
Snaw—Castle Blair.  
Whitney—A Summer in Leslie Gold-

wait's Life.  
Non-Fiction.  
Bartholomew—A Literary and His-

torical Atlas of Europe.  
Bartholomew—Atlas of Ancient and  
Classical Geography.

Bryant—Famous Pictures of Real  
Boys and Girls.  
McSpadden—Shakespearean Synop-

sis.  
McSpadden—Synopsis of Dicken's  
Novels.

McSpadden—Waverly Synopsis.  
Palmer—Odyssey of Homer.  
Walton—The Complete Angler.

Weaver—Profitable Vocations for  
Boys.  
Weaver—Profitable Vocations for

Girls.  
Keene—Manual of Physical Train-  
ing.

Whitney—The Socialized Recitation.  
The "Flying Type."

The army aviator of today is picked  
for his quickness of mind and body,  
and the first thing that strikes you

about him is a sort of feline, wound-  
up-spring alertness. Then you note  
his reticence, the cool reserve of a man

whose lot it is to express himself in  
deeds rather than words. And lastly  
there is the quiet seriousness, verging

almost on sadness, of the man who  
must hold himself ready to look death  
between the eyes at any moment, and

yet keep his mind detached for other  
things—Lewis R. Freeman, in the  
August Atlantic.

## EVELYN'S HOLIDAY

By IZOLA FORRESTER.

"Where are you going over Labor  
day, Miss Bennett?"

The little fluffy-haired stenographer  
near the window was always asking  
impromptu questions more or less em-  
barrassing.

Evelyn colored ever so slightly as  
she bent to sign the last batch of let-  
ters.

"I hardly think I shall get away. I  
am taking home some new estimates to  
go over."

"You're an awful goose to work so  
hard. You don't get any thanks for it.  
I can tell you that right now. I heard  
Mr. Dorrance tell Jimmie that you  
were working yourself to death and  
you'd die in harness in the forties  
You bet I won't."

"After the others had left the office,  
Evelyn sat at her desk as usual, going  
over the last duties of the day when  
the office was quiet. And somehow  
the words of the little stenographer  
kept recurring to her. Was she going  
to let life slip by without any real fun?

She was twenty-seven, private secre-  
tary to Gates Waring, the civil engi-  
neer. He was out of town a great  
deal of the time, and left the detail  
of the office to her absolutely. Eve-  
lyn liked to think she was essential to  
him. Yet his words were always few  
and impersonal.

He was on his way north now, she  
knew. A wire that morning stated he  
would leave Washington Monday morn-  
ing. The office would be closed Labor  
day. She had plenty of opportunity  
to go away for the day. And, before  
she knew it, she had begun to plan.

The next morning early she found  
herself on a jammed platform in Jer-  
sey, waiting for the excursion cars to  
be opened up. She had planned a  
ride of an hour, then a wonderful trip  
on a lake, and hours to spare on the  
veranda of a big hotel.

She had brought some magazines to  
read on the train. It must have been  
three-quarters of an hour before there  
came the long, shrill whistle again  
and again from the engine and the  
grinding of the brakes.

"It isn't our train," somebody near  
said after the brakeman had passed  
through. "The Washington express  
hit a freight."

Evelyn heard and rose. Of course,  
it could not be his train, and still she  
found herself moving along with the  
crowd in the aisles down the car  
length, out on the platform, down be-  
side the track.

The engine of the express seemed  
to have tried to climb up the caboose  
of the freight.

"No one was hurt?" she asked the  
man next her.

"Guess the engineer's killed. They  
say he's jammed down under some  
pipes. They're afraid the current's  
got him. There's a fellow from the  
express gone up after him."

Gone up after him? She looked  
again at the upturned mass. She  
could see a man's figure now moving  
down in the twisted jammed mass,  
the man who was endangering his  
own life from live wires on the big  
electric engine. Tense and rigid, she  
waited with the others until the man  
emerged slowly, surely, struggling out  
with a limp burden in his arms.

"He's not dead yet," she heard him  
say, and at the sound of his voice she  
ran forward, ran like a child up to  
where he stood with both arms held  
out.

"Oh, Mr. Waring, can I help?"  
His face and clothes were begrimed  
and his hands burned. But he turned  
to look at her with his curious smile  
of amused contentment with life in  
general.

"Do you know where there's fresh  
water?"

"There's a brook right in the field  
here," called out a boy from the  
neighborhood. "I'll show you."

She followed Waring to it, helped  
him as he knelt down to bathe his  
face, and tried to bandage his hands  
with strips of torn-up handkerchiefs.  
And while they stayed there, the  
whistle of the excursion train  
sounded.

"I haven't anything on it," Evelyn  
said. "Never mind if it does go with-  
out me. I was just going up to the  
lake for the day. But I'll stay with  
you now. I think you need me."

"I think I always need you," War-  
ing answered quickly. "It will be  
hours before they clear away that  
wreckage. Let's picnic by ourselves  
over here."

Evelyn never forgot that day. They  
found a walk up through the fields  
that led to a ridge of woodland. Din-  
ner was eaten at a little farmhouse.

"This is the happiest holiday I've  
ever had. I'd like to buy this farm  
and keep it."

"What for?" Evelyn leaned forward,  
her hair rumpled and wavy around  
her flushed, happy face.

And he answered deliberately, "For  
our honeymoon."

She did not speak.

"Would you like it, Evelyn? Don't  
you think we deserve a real holiday,  
near?"

"Don't you think that after you get  
back to town you'll be sorry you said  
that?" She asked it slowly, trying to  
keep her head and be sensible for his  
sake.

"Dear, I've been intending to say it  
for ever so long, but I never seemed  
to find the time, and you were always  
busy. Maybe this is what holidays  
are for."

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paper Syndicate.)

## HIDE THEIR REAL FAVORITES

Claim Made That Few Literary Men  
Tell the Truth When Asked a  
Leading Question.

Now and again men of letters and  
other persons more or less in the pub-  
lic eye are requested to put them-  
selves to the question and to write  
out a list of their favorite characters  
in fiction. Sometimes they are hidden  
to stand and deliver the names of  
stalwart heroes, and sometimes they  
are desired to list lovingly a list of  
love's heroines.

And as these men of letters and oth-  
er persons more or less in the public  
eye are human, after all, and therefore  
hypocrites, they are likely to go on the  
stand with no intention of telling the  
whole truth, says Scribner's Magazine.  
Their secret delight may be in the  
mysterious vengeance of Nick of the  
Woods; yet this is what they would  
never dare confess, so they get out a  
search warrant and they take up a  
collection of their thoughts in order  
to produce as their first choice Achil-  
les or Ulysses, Gargantua or Marius  
the Epicurean.

They are equally lacking in frank-  
ness where they volunteer to name a  
bevy of heroines. They may make a  
bluff of indifference to beauty by put-  
ting in Jane Eyre; but no one of them  
would be bold enough to acknowledge  
his sneaking fondness for Becky Sharp  
that most fascinating villainess.

Thackeray tried to make us dislike  
Mrs. Rawdon Crawley, thereby incur-  
ring the reproach of Taine—to the ef-  
fect that her creator did not love  
Becky as Balzac loved Mme. Marnette.  
Yet, try as hard as he could, Thack-  
eray failed to arouse in the average  
sensual man any detestation for the  
impersonator of Clytemnestra at the  
Gault House theatricals. In fact, if  
the average sensual man had his  
choice, he would rather take in to din-  
ner Becky than the blameless Amelia,  
beloved by the long-suffering Major  
Dobbin.

## GOOD AND EVIL IN JEALOUSY

All Right When It Spurs to Greater  
Efforts; Wrong When It Be-  
comes Unreasoning.

Jealousy develops very early in our  
lives. In fact, even as children, we  
felt jealous of other children—of their  
pretty clothes, their toys and play-  
things.

In our schooldays, because of jeal-  
ousy over the rapid advancement of  
other pupils, we have worked harder  
perhaps, so that we, too, might reach  
higher marks in our studies; thus we  
have gone ahead of our schoolmates.

Because we have been jealous of  
our neighbor's prosperity, we have de-  
veloped ambition; because we have  
been jealous of wife or husband, we  
have tried more strenuously to please  
them; because we have jealously  
guarded our country's honor, we have  
secured a place second to none among  
the nations of the world.

Jealousy is a subtle passion, and  
must be carefully analyzed. We must  
never lose sight of the fact that it is  
a devastating monster, which if al-  
lowed to fasten itself upon our imagi-  
nation too strongly, will grow to ter-  
rific proportions.

The force that is expressed in jeal-  
ousy may if wisely governed and  
guided into helpful channels, become  
the source of a achievement that shall  
uplift and aid in the world's work,  
while if left to take its destructive  
course it may bring down the walls  
of the temple about the ears of an em-  
bryonic Samson.

Unreasoning jealousy is a blighting  
curse.

## Traveling Insects.

Ship cargoes are often responsible  
for the introduction of new species of  
insects in different lands. Banana  
bunches often hide poisonous reptiles  
and insects which travel long dis-  
tances, only to bite or sting the hand  
of some receiver of fruit. Often they  
escape alive and breed their kind.  
Many venomous snakes have thus been  
introduced into lands where none ex-  
isted before. Strange creatures have  
been imported on the blooms of or-  
chids, and West Indian insects have  
traveled in Easter lily blossoms. De-  
structive moths migrate in fruit ships.  
Flying insects often follow ships. One  
serious case was that of a vessel from  
the tropics followed by a swarm of  
butterflies. Out of sight of the shore,  
they hid in the cabins and holds, em-  
erging 40 days later when the ship  
coached England. Thus originated  
quite a new species of butterfly in the  
British Isles.

## Where He Drew the Line.

Mr. Giltstock had made money.  
Therefore, he must have a bigger  
house and it must be built for him by  
the best architect in the town.

In due course the architect arrived  
with elaborate plans, which he ex-  
plained to the puzzled merchant  
prince.

"Now, the only thing remaining, Mr.  
Giltstock," he concluded, "is the draw-  
ing room. Where shall we put the  
drawing room?"

But Mr. Giltstock laid a firm hand  
on the desk.

"Look here, my boy, I draw the line  
somewhere. You've made plans for a  
smoking room, when I don't smoke; a  
music room, when I can't even play a  
mouth organ; a nursery, when I ain't  
got a nurse, and a pantry, when I don't  
want to put up a drawing room, when I  
can't even draw a straight line!"  
Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Autumn Leaves and  
Summer Straws are  
Turning Brown To-  
gether.

So its full time to say good-  
bye to Friend Straw and "wel-  
come" a new hat from our  
wide range of the New Fall  
Styles and Colors.

**\$2.50 to \$4.00**

Stein-Bloch Suits  
Are Ready for Your  
Inspection.

**Terrell Bros.**  
OUTFITTERS FOR MEN & BOYS

STORIES  
OF THE  
DIAMONDAMERICAN LEAGUE  
STANDING.

	Won.	Lost.	Pct.
Boston	83	50	.624
Chicago	83	62	.572
Detroit	83	63	.569
New York	74	68	.521
St. Louis	75	71	.514
Cleveland	74	71	.511
Washington	71	70	.505
Philadelphia	31	110	.220

## Results Yesterday.

At Detroit 3, Boston 4.  
At Chicago 3, Philadelphia 7.  
At Cleveland 3, Washington 2.  
At St. Louis 7, New York 3.

## Games Today.

Washington at Cleveland.  
Philadelphia at Chicago.  
New York at St. Louis.  
Boston at Detroit.

NATIONAL LEAGUE  
STANDING.

	Won.	Lost.	Pct.
Brooklyn	84	55	.604
Philadelphia	82	56	.594
Boston	78	56	.582
New York	74	62	.544
Pittsburgh	64	79	.448
Chicago	62	80	.437
St. Louis	60	83	.420
Cincinnati	55	89	.382

## Results Yesterday.

At Brooklyn 4, St. Louis 2.  
At Philadelphia 7, Pittsburgh 6-7.  
At Boston 4, Cincinnati 12.  
At New York 4, Chicago 2.

## Games Today.

Pittsburgh at Philadelphia.  
Cincinnati at Boston.  
Chicago at New York.  
St. Louis at Brooklyn.

## Photography in Air Raids.

Photography, of course, is playing  
an ever-increasing part in the aerial  
reconnaissance. It is now one of the  
prime means of ascertaining the accu-  
racy with which bomb dropping is at-  
tended. Contrary to the general idea,  
when a plane is to be bombed the  
process does not consist merely of a  
few plucky airmen flitting their ma-  
chines to the neighborhood and tak-  
ing big risks to try to get in a lucky  
shot before retreating. The fire that  
follows the dropping of each bomb is  
photographed by aircraft from above,  
so that a permanent record is made  
concerning the places actually dam-  
aged. Nothing is left to guesswork.  
H. Massie Bulst in London Post.

## At Least Wait Until They Come.

Let us be of good cheer, remember-  
ing that the misfortunes hardest to  
bear are those which never happen.  
—Lowell.

Subscribe for the Daily Express.

## IN SPORTING CIRCLES

BRITTON APPEARS  
TO BE REAL LEADER

(By Hamilton, United Press Staff  
Correspondent.)

New York, Sept. 21.—Since Jack  
Britton has laid claim to the welter-  
weight title, so long left to be scam-  
bled for, the class seems to have gain-  
ed a worthy ruler for the first time  
since it was vacated by Jimmy Clab-  
by, when he graduated into the mid-  
dleweight ranks.

Britton's most recent victory, in  
which he gave Joe Welling of Chicago  
a beating at Buffalo, was called by  
critics at the ringside, Britton's most  
brilliant performance. They predic-  
ted for him the most successful season  
of his career and already Dan Morgan  
has arranged a number of bouts for  
his champion.

Britton for a long time was a stum-  
bling block in the path of aspiring light-  
weights and when he announced some  
time ago he had stepped into the wel-  
terweight class there was a revival of  
interest in the 142-pounders. Imme-  
diately opponents were dug up for  
him, Ted Lewis, the British whirlwind,  
being the only boxer who has defeated  
Britton in that time, but Britton  
promises to wipe out that stain if he  
is given a chance this winter. Lewis  
twice won from Britton on points last  
winter.

Lewis' undoing, it is the only box-  
er of any position in the welter  
class who has a chance with Britton,  
unless one admits that Willie Ritchie  
means to try a comeback. Out west  
they have a young Mexican, Jack Tor-  
res, who has proved a great fighter,  
but he hasn't shown the fighting  
heart and until he does there is little  
prospect that he will get a chance.

With Britton riding at the head of  
the welters the winter promises to see  
some action in the class so long left  
dead and it may be that some of the

heavy lightweights who have been  
masquerading under false colors for  
a long time will come out for bouts  
with Jack.

KEEP KID-  
NEYS WELL

Many Chickasha people take their  
lives in their hands by neglecting the  
kidneys when they know these organs  
need help. Weak kidneys are respon-  
sible for a vast amount of suffering  
and ill health—the slightest delay is  
dangerous. Use Doan's Kidney Pills  
—a remedy that has helped thousands  
of kidney sufferers. Here is a Chick-  
asha citizen's recommendation.

F. H. Huffaker, Twelfth St. and  
Michigan Ave., Chickasha, says: "My  
kidneys were out of order and I had  
a weak back. Doan's Kidney Pills re-  
lieved me and I have never had need  
of a kidney medicine since."

Price 50c at all dealers. Don't sim-  
ply ask for a kidney remedy—get  
Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that  
Mr. Huffaker had. Foster-Milburn  
Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

## Keeps Them at Farming.

One of the jobs on the farm, which  
has had as much to do in creating the  
desire of the farmer boy to leave and  
go to the city, has been the chore of  
saving wood. It is one job that seemed  
never to be ended. With the advent  
of the gasoline engine, the work of  
saving the wood, not only for farm  
consumption but for commercial pur-  
poses, has been changed to one of  
great fascination, if not pleasure. In  
comparison with its former drudgery.  
—Popular Science Monthly.

## Not Always Idleness.

Rest is good stuff for hard workers,  
but rest is not always idleness. The  
best recreation is often a change of  
occupation.

Know the Result  
BEFORE Painting

The wear test is sure, but  
mighty expensive, when paint  
proves bogus and there is a  
bill for resurfacing and repaint-  
ing. The one certain way is  
to know beforehand that paint  
is time-tried and weather-  
tested. You can bank on

Dutch Boy  
Collier  
White Lead

pure linseed oil, turpentine and  
driers, tinted any color you wish.  
White-lead paint of this kind pen-  
etrates into wood pores, anchors there  
and dries hard. It holds on until it  
wears out. Dulling off is the only  
preparation for repainting.

Come to us if you have painting  
wants. Everything from paint  
brushes to white lead. Telephone  
orders promptly filled.

CHAS. BLY PAINT  
AND WALL  
PAPER



"I'm going to  
try Fatimas  
TODAY!"

A Sensible Cigarette

20 for  
15c

FATIMA  
TURKISH  
BLEND  
CIGARETTES  
Cigarettes & Cigarettes Co.  
RICHMOND, VA.  
MADE IN U.S.A.